



# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

From the Liberator.

## ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL.

On Thursday evening, January 29th, the citizens of Concord, N. H., were favored with a rare entertainment, furnished by the members of the "Concord Dramatic Union," for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery Cause. The programme included two anti-slavery "Sketches" and "The Liberator." The performances commenced with the following Prologue from the pen of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord:

### PROLOGUE.

*Sketch of the Anti-Slavery Festival, Concord, Jan. 29th, 1858.*

*Enter SLAVERY in clerical dress, with a bottle in his hand, a Bible, and a Western pioneer.*

### MANIFEST DESTINY.

Can that my precious older brother be?  
You must not be—yes, 'tis Slavery.  
These parents' sons, long face and checker white,  
Alas! doth disgrace thy ugliness—not quite;  
And under the mock broadcloth that he wears,  
He bears a bowie-knife and pistol bears.  
Is that a Bible in his hand, or one  
Of those Scriptures baked at Bennington?  
But why? I wonder, does he look so blue?—  
With another Slavery, what's the word with you?

### SLAVERY.

Manifest Destiny, my brother dear,  
O leave your my sorrows in your ear!

### MANIFEST DESTINY.

First, let me pour your whiskey down my throat.  
You're caught,—don't hide the bottle with your nose!

### SLAVERY. (gives him the bottle)

Well, brother, be the truth for once confes'd,  
This is the Bible that I love the best;  
Through I quote New Testament and Old,  
To prove God loves to have his children sold,  
Yes in my heart I hate 'em through and through,  
And curse the gospel worse than any Jew.

### MANIFEST DESTINY.

Brother, your liquor's prime,—but here,—you see  
Prophets and "Puritans" all are one to us;  
But don't abuse the Bible! how it sounds  
When cushion comments and black Rose expounds.  
Why, is not Walker, with his travelling sword,  
Another Gideon chosen of the Lord?  
The more's the pity Faudling would not try,  
And old Beckenham did, to work and lie,  
But like a gray-haired blockhead as he is,  
Could never see that we was meant for you.

### SLAVERY.

Don't talk of Faudling! See where Douglass stands,  
Unspooling his own work with his own hands!  
See how my hopes of Kansas come to nought.  
Just when the game was won, or so I thought—  
And be, my little giant and my joy,  
Did stamp his foot and all my wiles desroy!  
O, could I shed such tears as never fell  
From any eye, except my aye's in—

### Manifest Destiny. (interruptingly.)

Well,  
They have an ugly look, J. just now;  
But well arrange it, let me tell you how:  
Let Kansas go—her blood-baptized plains  
Shall never be added to your wide domains,—  
No, not like some blood to eat up chains!  
But just with me by purchase or by war  
To gain fair Cuba and Nicaragua.  
Then shall your restless scourge be check'd no more!

Not striking namesless, with no flag display'd  
But flaming stars and stripes at her most head.  
Then Boston-triters shall not fear to tell  
How many men a year they steal and sell;  
Then Barker shall the hunting ground shall be,  
Of slaves now—now Concord shall be free!

### Under the Genius of America.

America,  
Behold, this creatures I do ye plot your shame,  
Here where my malice first won me fame?

### [SLAVERY AND MANIFEST DESTINY THE OFF]

Bad weathering in three base and altered times  
Of blind virtue and enormous crimes.  
Against the widening limits of my land,  
One more upon this sacred soil I stand;  
These are the streets, there still river runs,  
That saw the victory of my former sons.

When envious Britain sought the limbs to chain,  
That threatened vileness by land and main.  
Oh, days of honor! oh, unequalled race!

That then I fostered in my young embrace!  
From the forest where my child I nursed  
For either fortune, happiest or worst,  
Great Washington's sons forth to guide my power.

When Time's slow hammer struck the solio,

### "hour."

Stately and calm as woods and mountains are,  
He held the double reins of peace and war.

Then Franklin laid his printer's apron by,  
And left the lightning harpoons in the sky,  
And left the iron task of science wait,

To shape the fortunes of a farming State.

When of what? this ever-lasting sage  
Kept youth's warm heart amid the snows of age?

Impulsive Adams, hopeful Jefferson,  
One and Henry, Greene and Hamilton,—

How many noble men I numbered then!

Now we're left in 'junks, but poor in men.

The power that Washington would put aside,  
The play by every virtue dignified,

In sleep transmigrated falls from hand to hand,  
A skinned or weaking robes the buckles stain.

Laws under Freedom fail, and one black stain,

Which long I hoped to purge, but all in vain.

Now spreads its foul contagion through my race,

And millions boast their loathsome disgrace,

What hope? what remedy? Most this endures?

My heart anticipates but one sad cure,

I, that did with unfeeling hands

These to our States in ill-tempered bands,

May not the compensated work ends,

Now seek to make on what heaven meant for two.

No! Night and morning meet with such recoil,

As heartless Slavery and honest Toft;

Where Toft is not king, he must be slave,

And Labor, in disgrace, digs Honor's grave.

Pray, then, ye children of the nobler dead,

To grow more worthy of the ground ye tread!

In toil and panting to my fame be true,—

Forget not God, who never forgives you;

Now though you drift in these gloomy hours,

Higher that bright but earnest work endures.

The Free Society in Chicago.—The Church

of the West Division of Chicago holds nearly

unitedly in their determinate plan to re-

organize the American Free Society as a Free

Church of the Free. Intercourse of vital godliness

and sound morality, as long as it refutes to expose

and expose the iniquities of slavery, met on

Monday evening, in the First Congregational

church, Park St., W. M. Pease, and George W.

independent City Free Church, and others, pre-

ciples. Eleven Churches of seven denominations

were represented in the meeting.

## CHILOE'S PROGRESS TO WESTERN PARADISE.

From the Liberator.

We recently gave a striking specimen of progress toward salvation in Virginia, no less than a specimen before the Legislature of the Old Dominion to sell the free negroes of that State into slavery. The Democracy of Ohio—we are ashamed to record the instrument prepared to do this in the same direction. A Democratic Legislature, at the session of 1848-9, united with the friends of justice and repudiated the infamous Black Laws which had so long disgraced our state, and the people rejoiced that even for party purposes a good thing had been done. But ten years have wrought changes, and none greater than in the leaders of the Ohio Democracy, usurping the rights of colored citizens and slaves.—The party neck has been bowed lower to the Southern yoke, until it is proposed by the Democratic General Assembly of 1858 to enact a law more heathenish in its provisions than any wiped out by the Democracy ten years ago. A bill has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Kincaid, the Senator from Clermont and Brown Counties, lying on the wrong side of the Ohio river, entitled "A Bill to Prohibit Negro or Mulatto persons from immigrating into the State of Ohio," which provides

1. That it shall be unlawful for colored persons to come into the State after June next.

2. That the township Assessors shall make complete returns of all colored people in each township, from which a certificate of the record is to be made and given to each colored person in the township.

3. That when colored persons remove from one ward to another, they must give from the Clerk a certificate of their residence, for which they are to pay 25 cents.

4. That persons engaged in carrying such persons to immigrate shall be fined from \$10 to \$100.

5. That any colored person coming into the State, after the 1st of June next, shall be subject to a fine of \$10 to \$100.

6. That prosecutions shall be in the name of the township Trustees.

7. That Trustees shall prosecute under the Act, for which they shall be paid \$1.00 per day.

Bring this Democratic measure to a home test. Seek colored citizens of Cleveland as Messrs. Swing, Henderson, Morris, Hurst, Malvius, Vosburgh, Brown, Leach, and others—old, intelligent and respectable residents, who own property, pay taxes, vote at elections, educate their children in the public schools, and contribute to build up the institutions and to the advancement of the prosperity of the city—are by the proposed law, to be degraded and treated like plantation slaves, are to be registered like cattle, must carry passes from ward to ward for themselves and families when they remove, and must pay for them too; and if they bring home parents, children or other relatives, removing out of the State, after June 1st, 1858, or even "encourage" their colored friends abroad to reside in the Free City, they are to be subject to penalties of from \$10 to \$100 and those relatives and friends who take up their residence here to harassing prosecutions and suits until they will leave boasted free Ohio.

Dry another home test. The African Methodist Church invite a Pastor of like hue of skin from abroad to take charge of the congregation in Cleveland. He accepts and begins his useful labors there. This Democratic law steps in and punishes him. The pastor is to be "employed" to put him in train to celibacy respectably. This done is paid, he steps upon the side-walk, and congratulates himself that "This is a great mystery." At the "Fourth of July Dinner" he drinks "To the Day we Caleb" and grows more patriotic and drunk. "To Universal Freedom" and wakes the merriment of the 4th, with a slight ache where the professor's knapsack was, and the next day he is in the French theater. His father recently wrote the following laudatory epistle:

"If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance."

To which the son replied:

"If you do not doubt it, I'll marry her."

If the "spirit" of this young negropegs could only be rivaled by the people of the non-slaveholding states, we could soon terminate this perplexing slavery agitation. We commend his example to their imitation.

SPRINTER.—Lord Brougham's son, who is yet a minor, and consequently dependent upon his father for support, has been noted somewhat late for his attention to a young actress in the French theater. His father recently wrote the following laudatory epistle:

"If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance."

Another home test, less serious, but quite as illustrative of the proposed law. After the 1st of June next, a colored professor of the numerical art from some emporium of fashion, East or South, opens luxurious rooms and velvet headrests on

the anniversary of the glorious day which proclaimed "all men free and equal" in our country. Democratic Mayor, Physician, Collector of Customs, District Judge, Attorney, United States Marshal, or some one would be Governor, drops in and employs the professor to put him in train to celibacy respectably. This done is paid, he steps upon the side-walk, and congratulates himself that "This is a great mystery." At the "Fourth of July Dinner" he drinks "To the Day we Caleb" and grows more patriotic and drunk. "To Universal Freedom" and wakes the merriment of the 4th, with a slight ache where the professor's knapsack was, and the next day he is in the French theater. His father recently wrote the following laudatory epistle:

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DEATH OF JUDGE KANE.—Judge Kane, of the United States District Court of Pennsylvania, died on the 21st inst. Judge Kane is notorious for his illegal and unrighteous imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, and for his remarkable judicial decision, that "Slaveholders have as good a right to travel in Pennsylvania with their slaves, as with their carpet backs or their overcoats."

"The memory of the wicked shall rot."

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

## SALEM, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

### NOTICE TO THE BUREAULERS.

The Anti-Slavery League of Salem is now fully organized, with a Board of Managers, firmly resolved to give it all possible efficiency. For this purpose a tax of three mills on the dollar has been levied on the capital stock, which members are requested to pay over immediately, to John Hodson, the Treasurer. The Board of Managers request the co-operation of all the members of the League and of all friends of the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks. They can afford such aid effectually, by reporting any case of sale in violation of law to the Board, or to any number of its members.

MEETING AT SULLIVAN CENTER.

At the Center there are not less than three religious organizations—Baptists, Methodists, and Disciples. Application was made to the last named for the use of their house, but they declined opening it. They however, claim to be very anti-slavery, their church if I mistake not, is the antislavery Disciple church of northern Ohio. Twelve years ago the Disciples were persecuted against some of the pulpit in Sullivan, and denounced as worse than infidels—bad, now, having become somewhat popular they denounce as infidels, and close their houses against us.

Ob! Haters of slaves, will fight slavery always, but office seekers will fight for office first and all fight slavery at all until it is popular to do so."

CEMETERY VALLEY, Ashland, Ohio, Feb. 18th.

FRIEND RICHARD.—The Friends of Human Progress in this vicinity have been recently cheered by the presence and labors of that earnest advocate of Freedom, A. T. Foss, who has held some half a dozen meetings in this township. If these efforts have no other good effect, they must at least arouse thought, and prompt to investigation; and the cause of truth has nothing to fear, but everything to hope from free and open inquiry. The freedom of speech which characterizes these meetings is one of their principal charms; and though advantage is sometimes taken of the liberty given, to annoy the speaker by silly questions and contumacious quibbles, which should be beneath the dignity of men, and certainly evince a spirit of *contumacious* against a person "contumacious against us."

These meetings are usually held in the different school-houses, which are far too small to accommodate all who dare to attend; and there is yet another class who "would like to hear Mr. F., but are ashamed to be seen running after such trash," sometimes they listen for awhile without, but probably not hearing much good of their particular sect or party, they turn away and cry out "infidelity."

The labors of Mr. Foss excited rather more than a usual share of *negative opposition*, not a manly and open opposition that prompts to an effective defense, but such as is manifested by ridicule and spiteful aspersions. Anti-Slavery lectures and meetings are as convenient in an orthodox community as were the "scapegoats" of olden times; and they are used for the same purpose. Heavy indeed is the load of "sins" laid upon their innocent heads by the "rigidly righteous and the ungodly."

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# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

## Miscellaneous.

From the London Times, January 26.

### THE CEREMONY OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE

As the bride passes up to the altar she stops and makes a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushed like crimson; then, again turning, she renders the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she does so the bridegroom elect advances, and kneeling on one knee, presses her hand with an expression of fervent admiration that moved the august audience. Taking their places then at the altar, and with their illustrious relatives standing round in a group of unequalled brilliancy, the service commences with the choral, which pale through the little building with the most mournful effect. The words are particularly appropriate, full of feeling and pathos, and the audience follow them in a whispered audience as the choir sings.

"The day, with gladness voice and heart  
We praise Thee, O Lord, who art  
Of all good things the giver!  
For England's first-born Hope we pray!

Be near her, now, and ever!  
King of Kings, Lord of Lords,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.  
Hear us, while we kneel before Thee!"

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the centre of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of Oxford, as Lord Almoner, the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Windsor, as Domestic Chaplain, and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, as Sub Dean of the Chapel Royal, the marriage service is commenced at exactly 10 minutes to 1.

The rubric is rigidly adhered to throughout. After going through the usual formality, the Most Rev. Primate, who was very indistinctly heard, asks the Royal bridegroom—

"Will this have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? With this kiss, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep she only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince replies, loud and clear, "I will."

To the same question the faint answer of the bride is barely audible, though the attention of all is strained to the utmost to catch the feebly-uttered words.

To the next, "Who giveth this woman away?" The Prince answers her loudly, "I do."

To the next, "The Prince takes his bride's hand in his own, in sweetest warmth, and repeats slowly and distinctly after the Primate:

"I, Frederick William Nicholas Charles, take thee Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Again, in reply, the words of the bride are almost lost, and she seems faint and tremulous enough to expire unresisted among her ladies.

The Prince then, taking the ring from his brother Albert, said with marked emphasis;

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee endow, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow in the name of the Father, and of the Son, after the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate joined their hands together, said "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

The following Psalm from the Prayer Book was then sung:

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and shew us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us." &c.

The royal couple then knelt, with all the bridesmaids, while the rest of the ceremony was proceeded with, the Bishop of London is a clear and distinct voice reading the exhortations.

At the concluding words the Hallelujah Chorus—

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

The kingdom of the world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever.

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!"

rose clear and loud, with thrilling effect.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn silence, when the ceremonial, as arranged in the chambers and heralds, ended, and the bride, looking east to her evidently long pent up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled the whole heart. Again and again had Majesty strained her to her heart, and soothed her, and tried to compose her emotion. But it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quivered him, with the tears now plainly stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that elicited not only a mother's love can show. The most affecting recognition however took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then arose, and hurrying across the vast pile with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and, turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which as he stooped to kiss she slipped him, and declined the proffered kiss by offering her cheek instead. But words will fully convey the effect of the warmth, the abundance of affection and friendship, with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted Her Majesty the many heartiness with which he wrong the Prince Consort's hand. By the working of his face it was evident he could not trust his tongue to speak.

#### THE LAUREATE'S ODE.

The following new verse, written for the occasion by Mr. Tennyson, most laudable, were sung by all the principal performers and chorus, at the Queen's concert, given on the evening of the marriage:

"God bless our Prince and Bride!  
God keep their lands allied,  
God save the Queen!"

"Clothe them with righteousness,  
Crown them with happiness,  
These with all blessings blest,  
God save the Queen!"

"Fair fall this hallow'd hour,  
Farewell our England's flower.  
God save the Queen!  
Farewell, fair rose of May!  
Let both the peoples say,  
God bless thy marriage day.  
God save the Queen!"

CONVENTIONAL GENESIS.—Fond parent (to his son)—"Yes, New York is the place to go on to—Look at Jones! He started without a penny, and has lately failed for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do as well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars."—N. York Evening Post.

Time is the most paradoxical of all things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past while we attempt to define it.

It will be estimated by the Harbor-gentle of the South that a large pine, sufficient for the spars or beams of a first class ship, requires from two to three hundred years to grow.

## MUSIC OF LABOR.

From Abbott's "New American Cyclopaedia."

**ACTORS AND ACTRESES.**

The hanging of the hammer,  
The whirling of the plane,  
The crashing of the saw,  
The cracking of the sciss.,  
The grating of the drill,  
The rattling of the hammers,  
The ringing of the spindles,  
The clattering of the looms,  
The pulling of the spindles,  
The spinning of the flax,  
The spinning of the cotton,  
The clapping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of the awl—  
These sounds of honest Industry,  
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,  
The earnest talk of men,  
The rolling of the giant press,  
The scratching of the pen,  
The rattling of the yard-stick,  
The twinkling of the scales,  
The whistling of the needle,  
(When no bright check is pal,)—  
The humming of the cooking stove,  
The surging of the brooms,  
The passing feet of childhood,  
The housewife's busy hum,  
The buzzing of the scholars,  
The teacher's kindly call—  
These sounds of honest Industry,  
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle'

The reaper's cheerful song,  
The dover's oft repeated shout,  
Spurring his stock along;

The bustle of the market maid.

As he biles them to the town;

The halloo from the tree top

As the ripened fruit comes down;

The busy sound of threshers

As they clean the ripened grain;

The husker's jaks & catch of glee

Neath the moonlight on the plain;

The kind noise of the drayman,

The shepherd's gentle call—

These sounds of honest Industry,

I love—I love them all.

On there's a good in labor,

If we labor but aright,

That gives vigor to the daytimes

A sweet sleep at night;

A good that bringeth pleasure,

Even to the toiling hours,

For duty echeats the spirit,

As day revives the flowers.

Then say not that Jehovah

Give labor as a doom;

No!—'tis the richest mercy

From the cradle to the tomb.

Then let us bid it do,

With a cheerful, hopeful spirit,

And free hand, strong and true.

## BAD HEALTH AND BODILY FRAGILITY OF AMERICANS.

From the London Times, Jan. 26.

What is to be the future destiny of the great race which inhabits the opposite shores of the Atlantic? Sprouting from the old English stocks and engraving on itself sheets from every European people, it is advancing with unprecedented rapidity to power and wealth. We ourselves are of the optimists; we cannot believe that nature or the course of human events should reude, and that the American people should be other than what its institutions, its natural advantages, and the singular energy of its character seem to promise. But there are not wanted prophets on the other side, and, strange to say, they usually make their appearance among the Americans themselves. Of course, we cannot believe that nature or the course of human events should reude, and that the American people should be other than what its institutions, its natural advantages, and the singular energy of its character seem to promise. 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